



THE CHRISTMAS FOREST



Amusing women read VANITY FAIR

because it keeps them *au courant* of all the things one talks about—the gossip of the theatre and opera—the new movements in arts and letters—the latest in sports and salons—the smartest in dogs and motors—the gayest in dances and fashions—the latest tip on where to dine, to dance, to drop in for cigarettes, coffee and celebrities.

Clever men read VANITY FAIR

because it knows the world, and loves it, and laughs at it. Because it is too witty to be foolish and altogether too wise to be wise. Because it isn't afraid to buy the best work of our young writers, artists and dramatists. And because it prints such adorable pictures of Mrs. Vernon Castle.

The most successful of the new magazines

Take your favorite theatrical magazine; add your favorite humorous periodical; stir in *The Sketch* and *The Tatler* of London; pour in one or two reviews of modern art; sprinkle with a few indoor dances and outdoor sports; dash with a French flavoring; mix in a hundred or so photographs, portraits and sketches; add a dozen useful departments; throw in a magazine of fashion and one of literature; season with the fripperies and vanities of New York—and you will have VANITY FAIR.

If you would be "in the movement"

dance the newest dance a month before it becomes popular; dine in Bohemia before it realizes it is Bohemia and charges admission; know what to see at the theatre, hear at the opera, buy at the bookshop, and on no account miss at the galleries—fill in and send in the coupon for five months of VANITY FAIR, at \$1, and even six if you mail the coupon now.

Just Say to Yourself

"I owe it to my family and friends to go through life with my mind open; to keep my sympathies warm; to remain in constant touch with the newest and liveliest influences in life. I won't be stodgy! I won't be provincial! I refuse to become—whether intellectually or socially—a blight at luncheon. I won't kill a dinner party stone dead ten minutes before the entree. Therefore, I will risk a single dollar and subscribe to Vanity Fair.

25 cents a copy \$3.00 a year

Condé Nast, Publisher

Frank Crowninshield, Editor

VANITY FAIR, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR for
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rate of \$1. I understand this coupon is mailed promptly
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of my favorite dollar on receipt of your
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Now What Are You Going to Do About It?

This is almost the last call before Christmas. Next week we shall all be so busy that we will not have time to obey that impulse, even if we want to. So you must send in your subscription to *LIFE*. Don't even stop to read the rest of this—just sit down and write out a check from your voluminous bank roll, and make it for as many subscriptions as you like. Subscribe for yourself, for a soldier at the front and for all the people to whom you may wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. If you want us to send our Christmas card, to get there on the morning of Christmas, just tell us that, and we will take care of it.

Think of trying to get through next year without having *LIFE* come to you regularly. The thing is unimaginable.

You *must* subscribe. You've *got* to subscribe. We have some of the dullest numbers you ever saw coming—and some of the best. What we are not going to say about the Kaiser during the next year won't be worth repeating. If you don't subscribe right now, then don't ever read *LIFE* again—don't be cheerful again, don't smile, don't have a pleasant thought, don't know what is going on, don't have any idea of art or beauty or literature or wit or humor or sanity or satire or common sense or frivolity or joy or gladness. Just forget that you are alive. We don't care what happens to you then. We shall lose all interest in you. We used to think that you were a pretty good sort, but now—

You've just *got* to subscribe. It isn't that we need your money, but we need your presence. We need you to wonder why we don't get out a better paper, or why we can ever get out such a good one.

The more subscribers we have the more *LIFE* is appreciated. It's your sacred duty—if you are an American.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send *LIFE* for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

20 *LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Subscriptions to *LIFE* may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Principle in World Affairs

The Christian Science Monitor is an international daily newspaper published in Boston every week-day afternoon.

It is an organ for the world-wide expression of the highest journalistic ideals.

It has developed a unique news gathering organization reaching to every corner of the globe.

Its editorial expressions on international and other questions are being widely republished both in the United States and abroad.

Its publishers have amply proven that progressive men and women of every creed and political faith appreciate the efforts of this newspaper to establish a higher sense of Principle in world affairs.

The Christian Science Monitor is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms at 3c a copy. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

Kreisler

STRAFING Kreisler seems almost too easy a war job for so ambitious a militant as Brother Hillis of Brooklyn; but Brother Hillis has had troubles of his own, and very possibly is glad to be associated with an entirely new line of criticism. When one has had sorrows, it is a relief to change the topic to the griefs of other persons.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Kreisler's concerts should make trouble, but there are innumerable other ways to beat the Germans that seem more effective than to drive an Austrian violinist into retirement. And, so far as appears, there is nothing against Kreisler, except gossip. He has been carefully followed up by the secret service, and nothing has been found on him. In a letter printed in the *Evening Post* of November 26th he tells about himself and his doings, and to what helpless people the money he has sent to Austria has been devoted.

Another Firing Line

"WE don't need you after to-day."

Who's Who in German Art Circles

Rodin, like Shakespeare and Michelangelo, belongs to us Germans, for our claim upon every art-creator is one we will never allow anybody to question.—A German art critic.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—German explorer and discoverer. Discovered America, thus giving Germany all rights to everything in Canada, the United States and Mexico.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—Popular German creator of enthusiasm and other dynamic arts. Mistakenly supposed to be an American. A great believer in the doctrines of Nietzsche and a firm advocate of poisoning wells and shell- ing open boats.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON—Well-known Bavarian artist. Educated in America, but not in sympathy with any ideals except those of Prussia. Particularly fond of the Hohenzollerns and a great admirer of the Kaiser's part in the war.

WOODROW WILSON—Distinguished Prussian historian and idealist. A staunch believer in the Mittel-Europa plan and an admirer of Prussian militarism.

GOTT—Prominent German art-creator. Collaborated with Wilhelm II in destroying cathedrals, bombing hospitals and sinking Red Cross ships.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

ONE of the most highly prized prerogatives of the Venetian Doges was that they were permitted to have the first look at the copy of LIFE which came regularly to the great library of Venice.

Fashion in Footwear

indicates a decided trend toward the military mode, developed in smart shoes of "F. B. & C." Kid.

Instead of sharply contrasting colors, two-tone effects in colors to match the costume in "F. B. & C." Kid are used. Such shades as Golden Brown, Tabasco Brown, Field Mouse, Battleship Gray, Pearl Gray and Ivory are popular.

Whole shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81" are always good style. This leather requires no mussy dressing to retain its new and unblemished appearance.

"F. B. & C." Kid is the only leather that "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand."



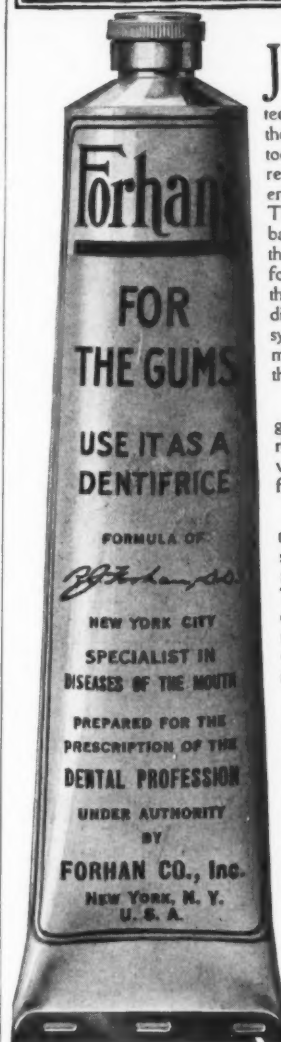
Look for either of these Tags attached to the shoes you buy. They assure correct style, and "The Best There Is."



FASHION PUBLICITY CO.
of New York



Protect your gums and save your teeth



JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) which attacks four out of five people over forty.

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You use Forhan's as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

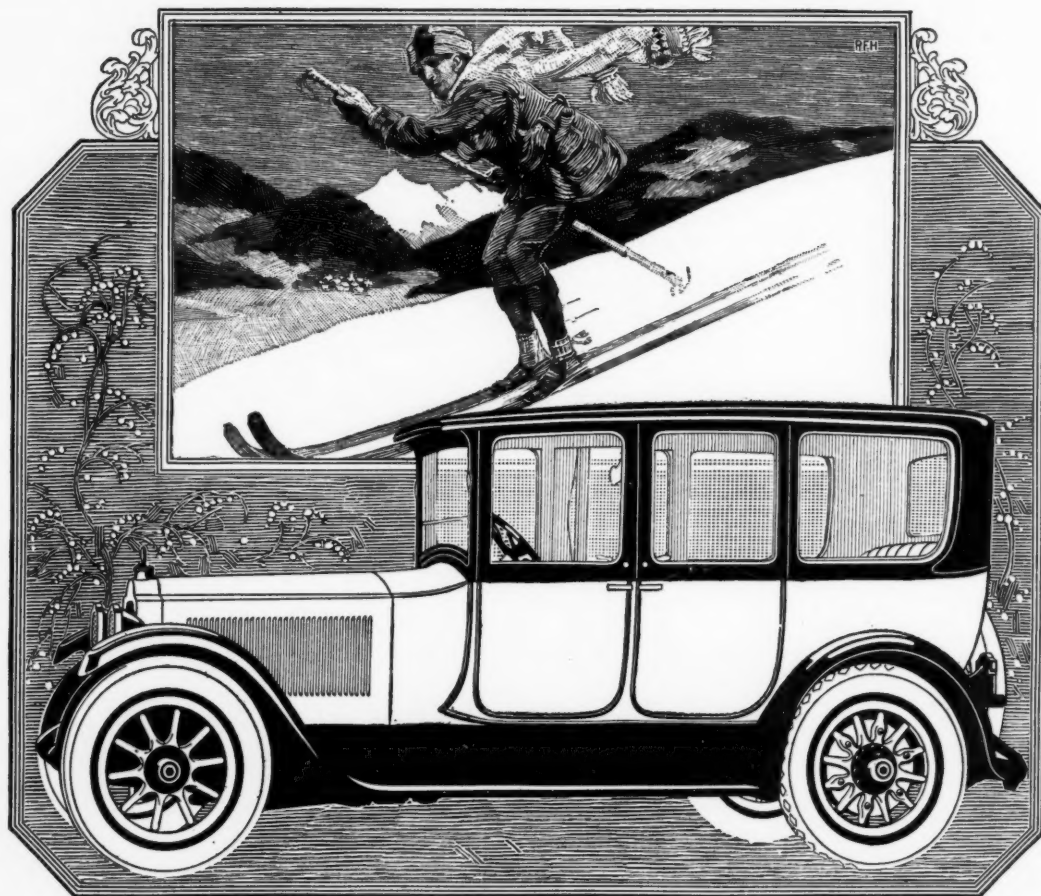
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GUARANTEED TO REDUCE THE PRICE OF COAL



The new Packard Imperial Limousine, seven passengers

Why do men ski?

In free flight—down the long incline he sweeps at the speed of the wind—unhampered by that resisting force—*vibration*.

Slivers of wood and flakes of snow supply the means of obtaining the thrilling sense of unfettered power.

Smoothest speed is not only desirable from the standpoint of pleasure—but it is always most *efficient speed*.

Because the Twin Six engine has min-

imized vibration—it not only adds to the exhilarating joy of motoring—but conserves the stored-up power of gasoline.

Twelve balanced and sprightly cylinders divide the stresses—and develop great, smooth, *economical* power.

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Seventeen distinctive body styles in open and enclosed cars in the Third Series Twin Six—3-25 and 3-35

A s k t h e m a n w h o o w n s o n e

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Packard
TWIN-6

LIFE



Resignation

PARCELS be-wrapped and be-tied
 With an elaborate bow;
 Bundles, long, bulky and wide,
 Boxes and baskets arow;
 These my dear friends will bestow,
 Cheerfully paying Love's debt;
 Yule-tide is coming—I know
 These are the presents I'll get.

Flubdubby stuff, *art nouveau*;
 Ribbon things—striped and pied;
 Rubbish with tinsel aglow—
 Rubbish with wool fruits applied,
 Trash from the New Gimcrack Co.,
 Writing-desk junk by the set,
 Blotters with flutter-work snow—
 These are the presents I'll get.

Walnuts with thimbles inside;
 Figurines, poised on tiptoe;
 Fussy, fat cushions, deep-dyed,
 Frilled like a Fiji's trousseau—
 Everything *mal apropos*!
 Cynical, am I? You bet!
 Long as I live here below,
 These are the presents I'll get!

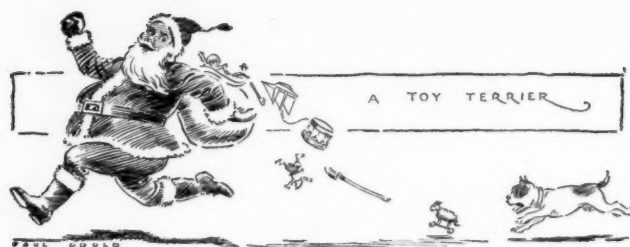
L'Envoi

Fate, you can't soften the blow—
 You've never aided me yet;
 Spite of the war and its woe,
 These are the presents I'll get!

Carolyn Wells.



"Just what I always wanted"



A TOY TERRIER



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 30

SOME OF MOLLY'S MOVING-PICTURE FRIENDS, REHEARSING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, DROP IN TO LUNCHEON

Notice to All Killjoys

THE Society for the Prevention of Christmas Cheer expects every old killjoy to do his duty this Yule-tide. We are in the midst of a horrible war, our young men are being maimed and killed, living and taxes are beyond the reach of all but the munition magnates, conservation and food economy is being dinned in our ears until we are sick,

and mental anguish is rampant in the land. There will never again be such a splendid opportunity to crush the spirit of Christmas. National headquarters for the S. P. C. C. will gladly furnish a full assortment of depressing views to all who write. Our slogan is Swat Santa. Join us to-day.



SHAKSPEARE



GLADSTONE



NELSON



DICKENS



BARNARD'S
LINCOLN



WELLINGTON



GARRICK



GEORGE

HOW WOULD ENGLAND LIKE IT
IF HER FAMOUS MEN WERE MODELED LIKE BARNARD'S LINCOLN?

The Greater Heroism

"FRANCE? I'd be there now, if . . . if . . . oh, well, what's the use?"

"What isn't of any use?" I asked. We had been arguing the war, the saddening, terrifying, soul-stirring making of the democracy of the world.

"Well, perhaps it's greater heroism to yield to lesser heroism," muttered Will, half to himself and half to me, pacing the floor, his head bent discouragedly, his hands behind his back, nervously clenching and re-clenching.

"For goodness' sake, man, talk English! What are you driving at?"

But I could get nothing more from him. His last remark came to me again and again. I knew that the man stood for all that is included in the word "big," for he was big, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. I knew his people, their devotion to him and his equal devotion to them. Then

a light commenced to dawn upon me. I went to his mother.

"Why isn't Will in the fight?" I demanded.

The little lady turned pale. In a choked yet well controlled voice came the answer—its vehemence surprised me—"He belongs to me."

My suspicion was right. Here was the barrier, the lesser duty that forbade fulfilling the greater. "He belongs to me; he belongs to me." The words kept echoing in my ears. For a long time we sat together, and we said no word.

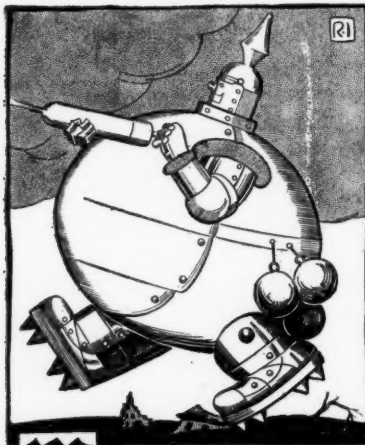
"Here is a woman," I thought, "a loving mother, who does not yet know the true meaning of motherhood, for, without a doubt, the beauty of motherhood has always had its essence in sacrifice. Why have we always extolled the word mother? Why has it always had a sacred place, one above any? Why is it *the* most exquisite joy? And

are women *now* going to voluntarily lower that standard of thought when they have this most wonderful opportunity of the ages to build a sanctuary consecrated to a higher law, to the freeing of the world? No!—a thousand times, no!"

The little clock on the mantel ticked the seconds, each bringing nearer the doom of the Hun—each the lasting peace of our unspoken, only half formed into thought, yet heart-felt, prayers. From memory's storehouse came a soul-stirring strain of the "Star-Spangled Banner." I jumped to my feet.

"Little mother," I cried, "if you really want Will to belong to you, you must first let him belong to himself! Only show him that that which is dear to him is dear to you also. To him the war is a vision, a dream of world democracy, slowly but surely—God!

The A B C of Kultur



Miss Machine, of which you are a Part,
A Nut for a Head and a Bolt for a Heart;
With Sinews of Steel and of Iron and Brass,
Spreading Destruction Wherever you Pass.



N stands for Nietzsche—Apostle of Self—
A Writer who's Brighter than All on the Shelf.
Read him, and you will get More out of Life,
And find Greater Pleasure in Beating Your Wife.



O stands for Ottoman.
Ach! you could Gloat On his Masterful Manner of Slitting a Throat.
When it's a Matter of Murderous Work,
None can Compare with the Terrible Turk.



"WHAT IS REGGIE GOING TO GIVE YOU FOR CHRISTMAS?"
 "HE HAS ALREADY ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM—OFFERED ME HIMSELF—YOU KNOW—AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."
 "AND DID YOU TELL HIM THAT YOU PREFERRED USEFUL GIFTS?"

how surely!—beginning to come true. He has no thought of himself, no thought of the pomp and glory of war, only of the meaning of its end."

I burst into tears—and hated myself for it. But I hurried on.

"Are you going to put your motherhood to shame by showing a lesser heroism than your boy's?" The little mother had listened in silence, broken only by her sobbing, the soft sobbing of inconsolable childhood or year-scarred old age.

Gradually she became composed, and to her face came the peace of understanding, the calm of a belief such as Joan of Arc's.

"Will must go," was all she said.

And then we wept unreservedly together, for—Will is my husband.

S. L. Peller.

Noses

A WRITER in the *Boston Transcript* calls attention to a biological fact of no mean importance when he states that "the nose is manifestly the feature most favored and most highly regarded by nature, for it increases in size and magnificence only in proportion to the discretion of the wearer and his ability to guard it from harm."

According to this authority, small noses belong to weak people. The greatest generals have had the largest noses; witness Napoleon and Wellington and Alexander. Babies, who are protected and whose noses would otherwise be broken off constantly, always have small noses. The size of a man's nose may be a fair indication of his ability to protect himself. The executive nose is usually the nose with

the bridge, the Roman nose. The Chinese have not the executive nose, hence are not able to protect themselves. The Japanese, as they grow more powerful, will develop large noses more and more. Nations are known by the noses they grow.

Multiplex

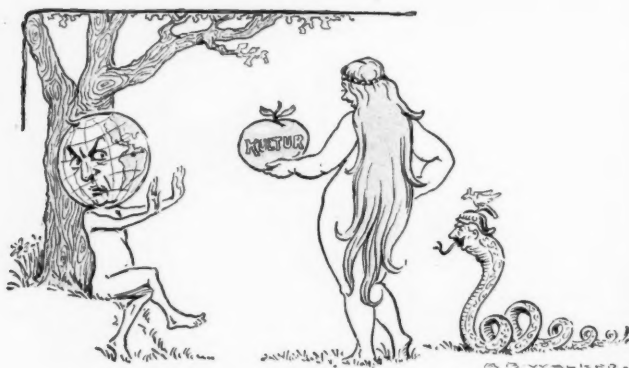
SHE: They say that a corporation has no soul. Could anything be worse?

HE: Five times worse! The corporation I work for has five directors, and none of them have souls.

Candid

"AREN'T you going to have a Christmas tree this year?"

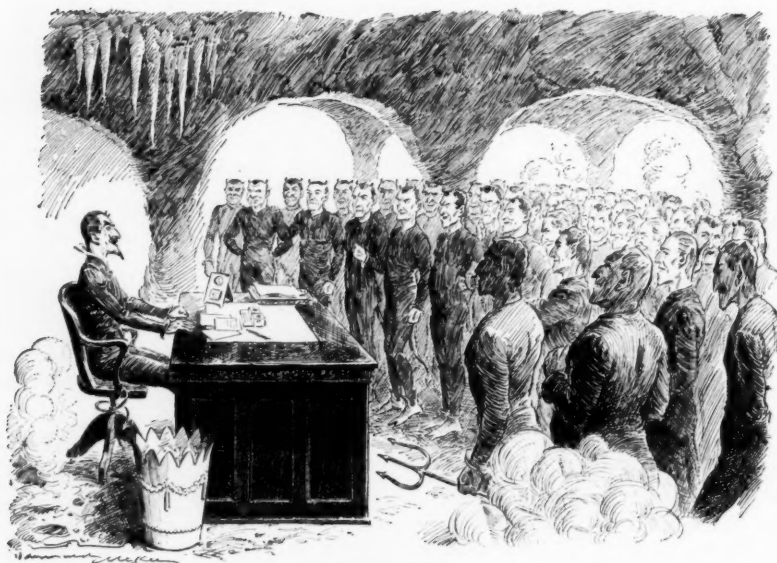
"No. We're not going to trim anything but father."



Germany: DO TAKE A BITE, ADAM, DEAR—
"NOTHING DOING."

The Devil's Christmas List

FOR the small boy—Idleness.
For the father—Forgetfulness of his own boyhood.
For the preacher—Dogmatism.
For the genius—Content.
For the statesman—Pride of intelligence.
For the politician—Greed.
For the lover—Irreverence.
For the general—Indecision.
For the unfaithful husband—A too-forgiving wife.
For the world at large—Intolerance.



ONE DAY OFF

"We take our usual holiday to-morrow, December the twenty-fifth; and I hope you'll all come back the next day prepared to work harder than ever."



FRIGHTFULNESS

CORPORAL SMITH, HAVING TRIED ONE OF HIS CHRISTMAS CIGARS, DECIDES TO THROW IT OVER THE TOP

All for Naught

Dr. George W. Crile of Cleveland, now major in the United States Medical Corps, said that his experience at the front had taught him that practically all of his preconceptions concerning surgery had been wrong.

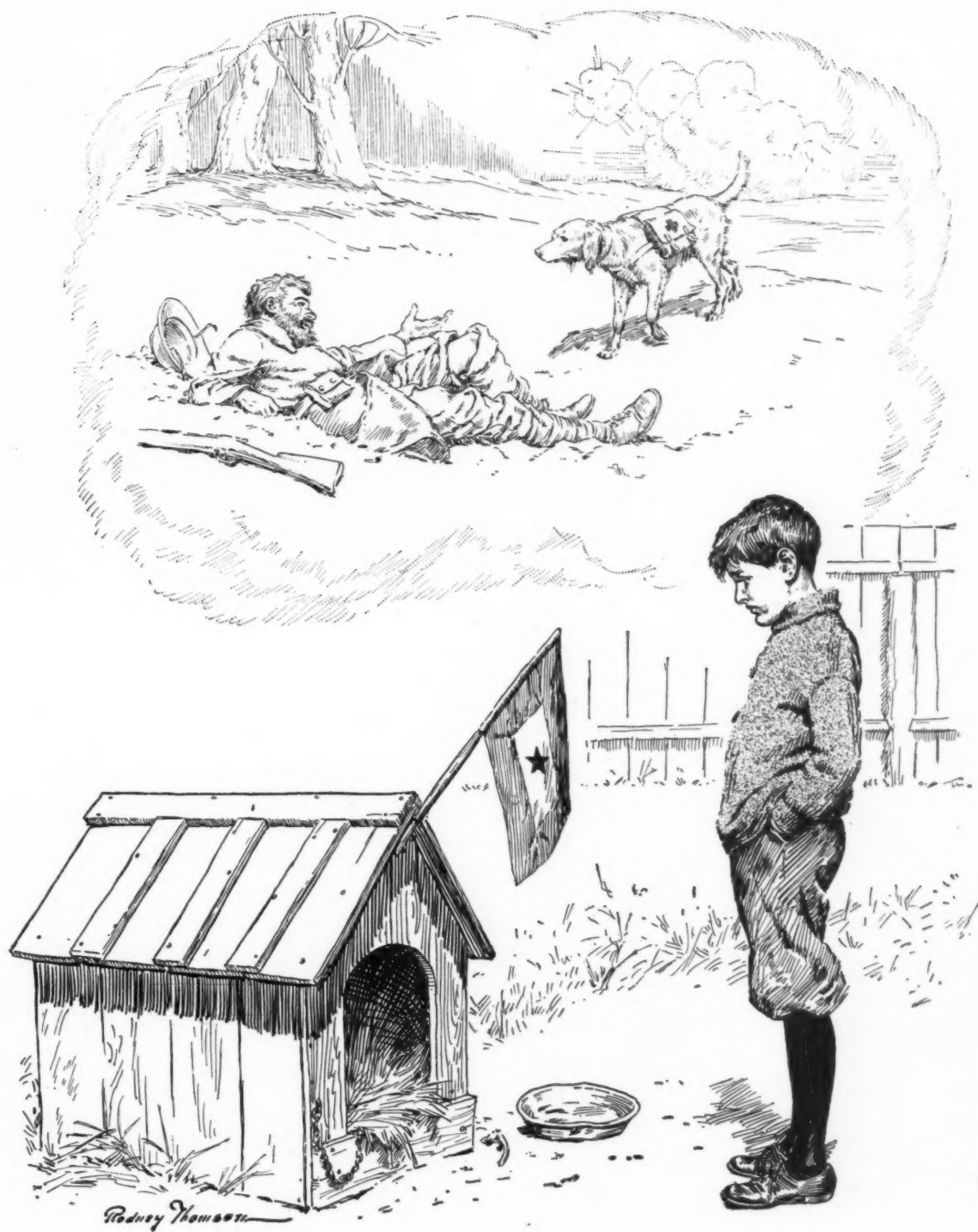
—*New York World.*

UNLESS we are greatly mistaken, Dr. Crile is the surgeon who defended the practice of cutting up animals for experiments in surgery, and whose methods revolted humane persons. We remember him as one of many who claimed that a large part of medical wisdom was due to vivisection. It is rather too bad now to have Dr. Crile admit that all these experiments have been in vain, and that, in the light of the war knowledge, we shall have to begin all over again.

Will he begin all over again on dogs and monkeys?

"THE Germans have done everything except eat their enemies."

"Well, give them time. The war is only three years old."



Rodney Thompson

HIS BIT

And She Might Never Have Known

IT was her day at the recreation camp.

And her fiancé had gone with her, passing his time with some of the officers. Her duty had been to make it pleasant for the boys, and especially some of the boys who were going away that day. Then he had joined her, with an amused smile upon his face.

"Well," he said, "how did you get on?"

Her face was flushed. She had a far-away look in her eyes.

"I can—scarcely—talk—about—it."

"Who was the young fellow I saw you talking with?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you how sorry I felt for him. You see, he came into the camp first, and sat down awkwardly. I saw at once that he was—oh, not used to home things. Really, it was pitiful. I got him talking at last, and he told me all about himself. He said he never had had a regular home. Fancy!"

"And then?"

"Oh, he got going. He had just come up, and his 'folks,' as he called them, had been awfully poor. . . . Well, he said the girls in the recreation tent had been so good to him, and he just had a glimpse of heaven, I imagine

—only he just didn't put it quite that way. At any rate, while he stood there talking, he was so handsome and tall, and his talk was so queer, and he was going away, and—"

"That was when you were standing up outside of the tent?"

"Yes; he had to go, and to-morrow he sails, you know. Do you know what I felt like?"

"No. Tell me."

"Well, I felt just like putting my arms around that poor boy and giving him a good hug and a kiss—why, my dear, it was simply all I could do to resist."

He smiled.

"You didn't," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I saw you—do just that thing—there! in front of the tent—to that boy."

There was a long pause. Then she said:

"I didn't know that I did it—but I'm glad I did. Do you mind?"

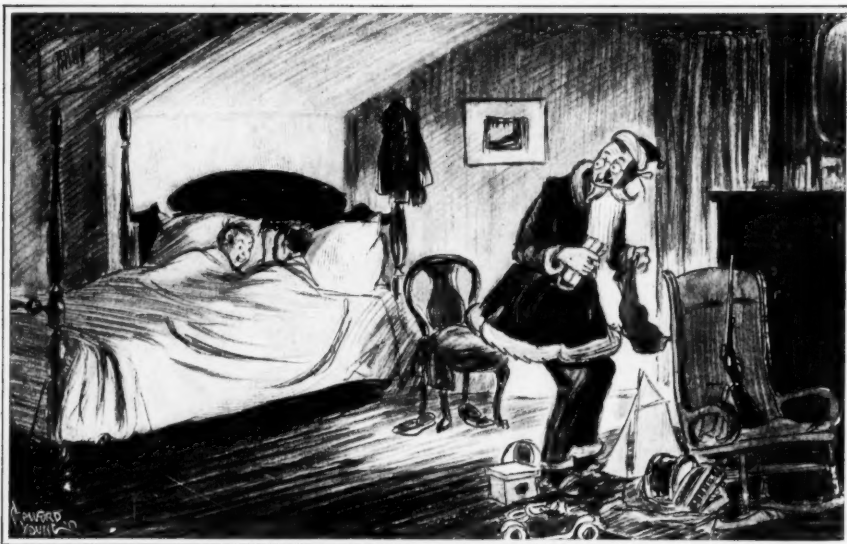
And he smiled back:

"Mind! Why, if you hadn't, after what you told me, I would have been actually ashamed of you!"

T. L. M.



CHRISTMAS CHEER



"Don't make no noise, Jimmy. Ye know dad abs'lutely b'lieves in Santa Claus"

Coming

A RECENT edict of the National Tailors' Association is to the effect that, owing to the scarcity of wool, men's suits will hereafter be curtailed in such places as the cloth can be spared. This opens up a wide field of economy, especially among stout people. As the war proceeds, the great question will be just where to draw the line. If bare knees for a Scotchman, why not for a Yankee? Who knows but what, in the course of time, men's trousers may get to be as high as the women's skirts have been! We must prepare ourselves for the worst.

THE Crown Prince is the real German Cross.



ENEMY ALIENS

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF IT, MR. PRESIDENT

Formalities to Be Observed in 1920 in Order to Be Allowed to Purchase Five Pounds of Sugar

1. GIVE name, address, age, occupation, color of eyes, height, size of shoe, number of pockets in vest, location of scars on body (if any), and favorite author.
2. Give father's name, place of residence and occupation, mother's maiden name, age and color of hair, names of maternal and paternal grandparents, causes of death, and religion and political leanings of all of them.
3. Give names of three citizens who will identify you, yearly salary since starting to work, amount of money in bank and average winnings at poker.
4. Find the square root of 82,964, compare the characters of Napoleon Bonaparte and Robert G. Ingersoll, tell what you know of the Seminole War, and describe the Taj Mahal.
5. Write a short essay of one hundred words, telling why you want five pounds of sugar, why four pounds wouldn't be sufficient, how many spoonfuls of sugar you use in a cup of coffee, and amount of life insurance carried.
6. State name of your tailor, amount of money he charges for (a) suits, (b) overcoats, (c) golf trousers, number of times per month you have your hair cut, and your golf handicap.
7. Do you prefer blondes or brunettes, how many times have you been married, have you ever written a play, and what do you think of Charlie Chaplin?
8. Is your digestion good? Do you smoke? Drink? Chew? Swear? How do you like your eggs cooked? Have you ever written for the movies?
9. What is the name of your cook? Where did you get her? How long have you had her? Is her pastry good? How much do you pay her? Is she contented where she is? Would she leave if anyone offered her five dollars more per month?
10. Go before a notary public and swear (a) that you will use the sugar yourself, (b) that you will not use it in the manufacture of layer-cake, bread pudding, candied sweet potatoes, fudge, mint juleps or Italian zabaione, (c) that you won't tell anyone where you got it, and (d) that you won't ask for any more within thirty days.



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE
HANGING UP HIS CHRISTMAS STOCKING

"ARE the people who are coming this week-end of any social prominence, mother?"
"Dear me, no, child! They are all your father's friends."



PANDORA'S BOX

An American Girl

SHE who has moods that are merrily mutable—
All of the glammers and graces of spring,
How shall I sing her a song that is suitable?
Tell me, ye Muses, oh, how shall I sing?
Turn me a tune that is fitting, *Terpsichore*!
Fain would I know how the numbers should flow;
Teach me, *Calliope*, some of your trickery—
How to range rhymes in a rapturous row!

I must use simile; I must use metaphor;
Get my best rhetoric down from the shelf;
Find something charming, and find something pretty for
One who's so charming and pretty herself!
I must display my dexterity verbally
That I may render her praise which is due;
Haply you may think I speak in hyperbole;
Could you but see her you'd swear it was true.

I might compare her to one of the goddesses,
But you'd consider my brain in a whirl,
And I'm aware, in the trimmest of bodices,
She's just a dutiful, beautiful girl!
One who would scorn in this hour which is tragical
Slacking, or shrinking from playing her part;
One who is loyal and lovely and magical;
One who's American—leal to the heart!

Clinton Scollard.

Why Not?

A WRITER in the *Christian Evangelist* has let the cat out of the bag when, in a recent issue, he declares that: "Many people like entertainment in the pulpit better than the Gospel."

But do they get it? And does this fact account for the scarcity of men in churches?

It ought to be appreciated that the real trouble does not lie with the preachers, for the only thing they can do is to preach, and, after all, preaching is only an opinion, and nobody cares for opinions.

Instead of being forced to deliver opinions every Sunday, our ministers might take a course in short-story writing, and deliver a story in lieu of a sermon. Or might it not be better to make our popular short-story writers over into ministers, and thus give them possibly a wider audience than they now have in some of the magazines? For the business of reading short stories in magazines has been seriously declining of late.

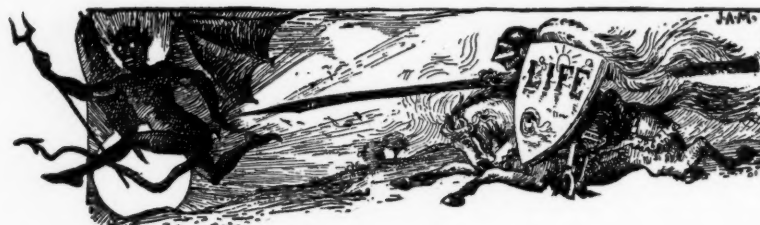
If Robert Chambers or Gouverneur Morris, for example, could take a theological course and furnish a short story every week, a lot of people might take more than a passing interest in religion.

"HE'S a really distinguished author, isn't he?"

"I don't think so. They say his books are all best-sellers."



CONGRATULATIONS OF PRUSSIAN SPORTSMEN



DECEMBER 20, 1917

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 70
No. 1834

Published by

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



IN the war, considered as an entertainment, Mr. Wilson's deliverances are getting to be the most popular features of the show. His address to Congress gave comfort and satisfaction to people of an extraordinary variety of view. It was martial; it hit hard; it was Christian and full of sense. Lord Lansdowne had raised a commotion by saying that the war ought to stop before everything desirable in life had been destroyed, and that it might help matters for the Allies to define their aims, and give assurance to the Germans that it was not intended to destroy them. Speaking for the United States, Mr. Wilson did all of that. He said it was our sentiment first, that the "intolerable menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German power, must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of nations"; second, "when the Thing and its power are indeed defeated, and the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, we shall be willing to pay the full price of peace—justice done at every point and to every nation, our enemies as well as our friends." In accordance with that declaration, he went into some particulars of what has been, and why, and what needs to be; but no one, he said, "is threatening the existence or the independence or the peaceful enterprise of the German Empire." Meanwhile, he said, "our present and immediate task is to win the war, and

nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished."

Lord Lansdowne's letter made sensible proposals, but it was not adequately fortified with pep. Possibly it was not possible for a man in Lord Lansdowne's position so to fortify it. He had not the necessary ingredients at his command and could not speak for them. But Mr. Wilson's represents a large collection of these ingredients, and more making, and they all count to make his words formidable as well as reassuring.

The German war-masters don't like his discourses at all. They are not adapted to inculcate desperation into the German fighters, nor soften the fibre of the Allies. What good are they to Germany, even as subjects for invective!

But the un-Germanized people like them almost universally. Sir Gilbert Parker, who speaks of "Lansdowne's wretched utterance," says Mr. Wilson's address is a perfect reply to it. Lord Lansdowne is glad to think the same. Italy is delighted with it, especially because it has got Austria rated as a hostile. All South America says "these are our sentiments," and in France and England and here at home bitter-enders and moderates join in praise of these remarks.

"Words fitly spoken," said the ancient sage, "are apples of gold and pictures of silver." Quite so. Works of art, and very precious. But curiously, they have to be sincere. Mr. Wilson believes all he says and people feel the resolution, as well as the great national power, that is behind all the skilful selection and arrangement of

his words. Otherwise, his rhetoric would be no better than blank cartridge.



IT might be a good thing if everyone who publishes an opinion about the duration of the war were required to back it with a little money. We get every kind of opinion every day. A zealous military worker hereabouts, Adjutant-General Sherrill, director of the draft in this state, has been telling people hereabouts to wind up their hearts for five or six years more of warfare. Other eminent persons think very much as he does. Mr. Gerard says Germany is in comfortable circumstances, with nine million soldiers and the means to feed them, and four hundred thousand new ones every year, and that we must recognize that we have taken on a big job. Other people say politics will end it, and may do so at any time. Others still have a feeling that it will happen to the hosts of the Kaiser as it did to those of Sennacherib, and that their goose will be suddenly and unexpectedly cooked. The greatest optimism is on the fighting line. The warnings that the war will be long come mostly from the men who are training armies or raising money or trying in other ways to inculcate determination and the fighting spirit in the country. There is no fault to find with such persons, for their intention to mobilize our utmost effort is all good. Nevertheless, there are big chances in this war game, and folks who cheer their spirits with hopes about them should not be too much scolded, for no one can do more than guess about the future.



THE capture of Jerusalem has made picturesque headlines and cheered the hearts of the faithful. It has doubtless made the Kaiser mad all over again, which is delightful. Bro. Ralph Adams Cram, medievalist and Gothic impersonator, has doubtless hung out his

flag, and ought to have the best Christmas he has had since the crusades. The Kaiser had built a church in Jerusalem, and taken pains and spent money to impose himself on the attention of that venerated city. Now the English have gobbled it, and William will have to get what comfort he can in shelling Rheims.

Other considerations make Jerusalem an acquisition to rejoice at. It had been in Moslem hands since Saladin recaptured it in 1187, except for eleven years in the thirteenth century. The Turks had had it for 673 years, and though it interested them for religious reasons and was a sacred city to Mahomedans, it was not the headquarters of their religion as it was of that of Christians and of Jews. If human life and the religions that influence our end of it are to take a new start and try to do better, it is a proper detail of the great new deal to have Jerusalem revert to its proper guardians.

And Constantinople also must come back. Mr. Wilson is not ready yet to take on the Turks, but he is clear in his mind that nations great and small must have the access to the sea that their welfare requires, and no control of Constantinople by Turkey is conceivable after the war. These two ancient and holy cities will have to be held in trust for all of Christendom. That one of them at last is in Christian hands is a cheering omen. If the world about to be was expected to resemble at all closely the world that was before the war, we might anticipate some spirited rivalries of Christian sects in Jerusalem, and of trading interests in Constantinople, but since the plan of salvation for the world after the war tends to contemplate control of the earth in the interest of all its people by a league of nations, the administration of these ancient cities will be no more than details of the great plan for managing mankind.



IN ordinary times all other topics would be crowded out of public attention this week by the huge disaster at Halifax. In these times it fits into



ONLY A TEMPORARY STIMULANT

the great picture of death and desolation made by the war, and we put it down as one more thing that it is impossible to realize.

The important practical thing for us in the States is to feel that this misfortune has happened to *us*; that it is our calamity as much as Canada's; that our grief and sympathy and help are as much due to Halifax as they would have been to Portland or Boston. The explosives were made here and sent on our errand. The two ships were on business that was ours as much as anybody's. The relief that is needed must

be ours to give in the fullest measure we can contrive.

First-aid from Boston and New York has reached Halifax at this writing. Funds are being raised. Congress is in session, and will doubtless take the view that our neighbor's material losses are in very large measure a proper liability of our government. Call it, if necessary, a war measure to restore that desolated city, but do it, gentlemen of Congress, do it liberally and quickly. Halifax of late has been like a port of our own country. Treat it as though it were one.



1917

WASHINGTON'S GIFT TO



1917

WASHINGTON'S GIFT TO LAFAYETTE



Catering to an Ungrateful Public

MR. ARTHUR HOPKINS, who combines the functions of manager and producer at the Plymouth Theatre, seems to be the first of the managerial brotherhood to have announced a plausible solution for the present money difficulties afflicting the theatrical business. He advertises that for the first four performances each week the box-office price for the best seats will be \$1.50 each.

The box-office price has meant so little to the public for so many years that Mr. Hopkins's announcement has created no excitement. If there are no seats on sale nearer than the fifteenth row, except by speculators, the \$1.50 means no more than the \$2, \$2.50, \$3, or even \$5 that have been marked up by other managers.

Mr. Hopkins, if he deals fairly with the public, is likely to find himself also the victim of the system which the managers have built up for a number of years and the impositions which a large number of theatregoers have learned to suffer. "The Gipsy Trail" seems to be a success which in normal times would be so attractive to the public that the house would be sold out. If that should prove true now, Mr. Hopkins would find himself getting \$1.50 for his tickets and the speculators selling them at the same prices as tickets for which other managers receive \$2 and as much more as they can get through their unholy alliance with the speculators.

The only hope for Mr. Hopkins is that there will be enough persons who are sick of being robbed to notice the concession he has made and take advantage of it. There are a great many of these who have been driven from regular patronage of the theatres by the robber practices, and their increasing numbers in these days of spreading economy is to a considerable extent responsible for the slump in theatrical attendance.



THE Plymouth with its apparently reduced prices ought to be filled, because "The Gipsy Trail" is quite as good entertainment as any of its \$2 (box-office rate) competitors. Mr. Robert Housum has provided a very diverting comedy, the settings are agreeable, and the cast is excellent. The last is notable, if for no other reason than its bringing back Effie Ellsler to the New York stage. She plays a grandmother, to be sure, but a very youthful and sprightly grandmother who should bring every young actress in town flocking to the Plymouth to get a lesson in stage bearing, vocal delivery and the conveyance of charm. Mr. Ernest Glendinning gives a delightfully manly and unaffected impersonation of the romantic hero. As his foil Mr. Roland Young helps both parts in the rôle of the ultra-conventional rival.

"The Gipsy Trail" is clean, very amusing and very well done. In any other season it would be sure of a run. It may achieve that distinction even in this year when the public seems to be trying to even up old scores with the box-office. It cer-

tainly won't meet with the fate of another play, where at one performance the total of the war tax on tickets was greater than the entire cash sale.



TOP of what was once the dignified New Theatre is found the Cocoanut Grove. In one sense this institution does more to elevate the stage than its predecessor did. Up here, midnightly are to be found the Spanish dancers who at holier hours disport themselves at the Park Theatre. Divested of a comic-opera plot, their singing and fiery dancing provide just the right accompaniment for those who cannot eat supper without a girl-and-music-show appetizer. This Spanish dancing may not have the same sensual appeal of the Russian and Oriental exhibits with which we have been pretty well fed up, but it certainly stirs the enthusiasm and quickens the pulse of everyone who witnesses it. Even without the dancing the music of Valverde is quite worth while on its own account.



IF you like a highly artificial actor in highly artificial drama, you will find the combination at its most artificial in "Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen as the star. The play has a rather unsavory story involving the efforts of one brother trying to avert the catastrophe of a marriage between another



THE SUPER-SLACKER

"Nine lives, and not willing to give one for your country!"

brother and the woman with whom the former had been on terms of intimacy. The side episodes are on the same plane. The construction of the play is as theatrical as might be expected with its authors both actors, the star one, and Mr. Willard Mack the other. The rôle of the reformed rake is not exactly fitted to Mr. Tellegen's personality, nor is its credibility increased by the remarkable domestic arrangements with which he is surrounded as a successful painter in New York.

Lovers of the intense are the ones who may find pleasure in "Blind Youth."



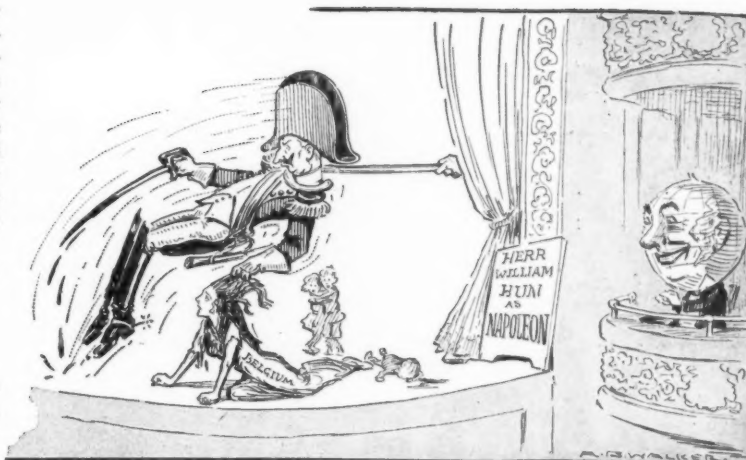
SOMEWHERE and sometime there may be an appreciative audience for "Good Morning, Rosamond!" but it will be far, far from Broadway, and in a season when plays are much scarcer than they are now. The Messrs. Shubert and Miss Bonstelle, long experienced with plays and public, evidently differ with this view, or they would not have produced it in New York in this year of frequent and sudden dramatic demises.

The play observes two of the unities absolutely. In place its visible action occurs in one room in the home of a rich young widow. In time the action lasts only from one evening to dawn of the following day. Hence the title, "Good Morning, Rosamond!" The plot knows no such limitations, and skips from Poland to Roseboro, and from royalty to village constables and gossip neighbors without fatigue—to the plot. The play also has dialect parts and many beautiful words. Just when the audience is getting all het up with this abundance of good things, every little while there strikes in a cold draft of amateurishness, and enthusiasm dies of a chill. The cast contains some familiar names, and their owners work hard, but in vain.

"Good Morning, Rosamond!" ominously recalls "Good Night, Nurse." *Metcalfe.*



Astor.—"Why Marry?" Notice later.
Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Well staged and laughable farcical comedy with Ina Claire in the principal rôle.
Bijou.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." Diverting little conglomeration of girls, music and vaudeville.
Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Drama of a double identity with the star depicting the duplicated hero. Interesting.
Broadhurst.—Revival of "Lord and Lady Algy" with Mr. Faversham and Maxine Elliott in the title rôles. Notice later.
Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Girl-and-music show, not elaborate, but amusing and tuneful.
Century.—"Miss 1917." Big girl-and-music show, more gorgeous than clever.
Cocoanut Grove.—See above.
Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Well acted and enjoyable comedy showing how a man may be made by the clothes he wears.
Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Naughty but laughable and well-acted comedy.
Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in four new playlets. Composite bill with contrasts in material and method.
Cort.—"Art and Opportunity," by the late Harold Chapin. Eleanor Painter descending from musical comedy to be the effective star of a fairly amusing legitimate comedy.
Criterion.—Mrs. Fiske in "Madame Sand," by Mr. Philip Moeller.



DER HOOK

Photographic reproduction of Parisian Bohemia in the last century. *Eltinge.*—"Business Before Pleasure." Those enterprising fun-makers, Messrs. Potash and Perlmuter, go into the moving-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "Camille." Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Moving pictures.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"Over the Top." Agreeable girl-and-music show.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Good Morning, Rosamond!" by C. L. Skinner. See above.

Fulton.—Raymond Hitchcock's new show. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Fairly amusing comedy, once more asseverating that the country has a monopoly of virtue and the city of vice.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. The star almost as funny as ever in an elaborately staged girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"The Naughty Wife." Thoroughly amusing and very well acted farcical comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Big stage, big spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Charming comedy of the sentimental side of the artistic life admirably acted.

Knickerbocker.—"Her Regiment" with Mr. Donald Brian. Cheerful comic opera with charming score by Mr. Victor Herbert.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." The musical version of "The College Widow." Tuneful and amusing.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Drama of the Canadian Northwest. Well cast, well staged and interesting.

Lyric.—Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." Spectacle of the Orient based on "The Forty Thieves." Effective in coloring and music.

Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Interesting and novel drama, well acted.

Moscow.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. The domestic side of the fashionable dressmaking industry turned into frothy drama.

Park.—"The Land of Joy." Spanish dancers giving New York a novelty with a comic-opera setting.

Playhouse.—Grace George in Bernstein's "L'Elévation. A wartime motive provided for the old-time problems of the French drama of the domestic triangle. Well acted.

Plymouth.—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. See above.

Princess.—Closed.

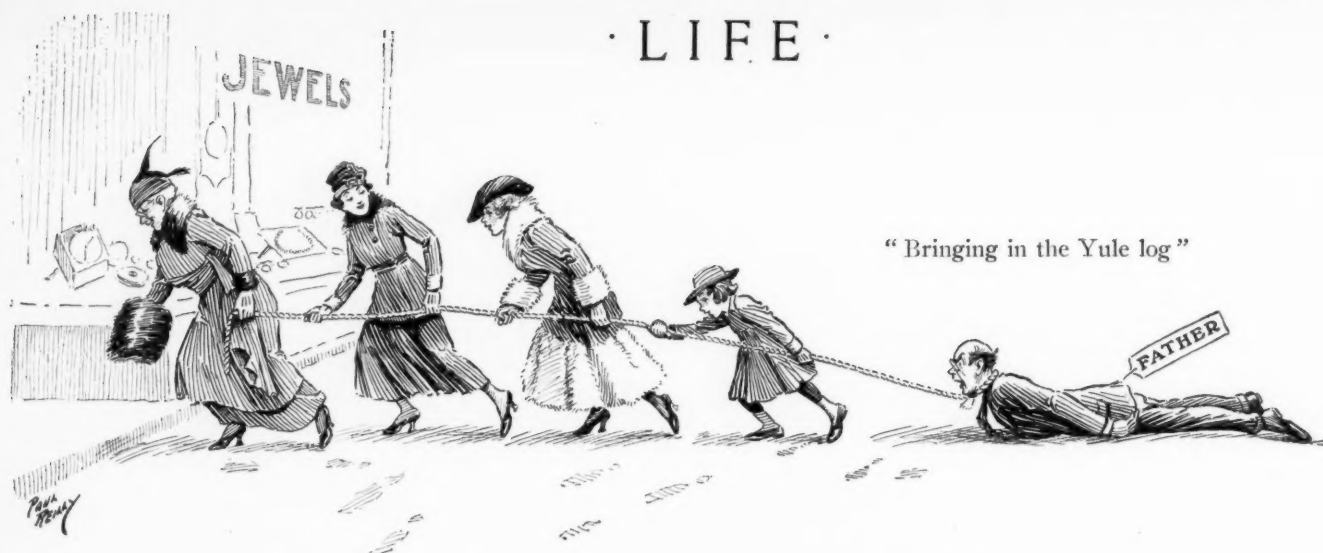
Republic.—"Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. See above.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Really agreeable musical play, admirably staged.

Theatre du Vieux Colombier.—French stock company in repertory. French acting in fairly good demonstration.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"What's Your Husband Doing?" by Mr. George V. Hobart. Farce of the restaurant and roadhouse school. Amusingly acted and moderately laughable.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." Big girl-and-music school of the familiar Winter Garden type.



"Bringing in the Yule log"



THE DIVA'S FAREWELL

Is Warmth a Good Thing?

MR. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, our inspired Secretary of the Navy, differs with certain ladies who are engaged in making sweaters for the men in the navy. He doesn't exactly object to their doing it, and says that, of course, sweaters are used, but he thinks it a great waste of time, judging from his quoted utterances in the papers.

The ladies of the Red Cross do not agree with Mr. Daniels. They have brought forth a mass of testimony, all tending to prove that the boys in the navy are getting a lot of warmth out of the sweaters made for them by the patriotic women of America. In fact, there is reason to believe, from the evidence, that the sweaters are indispensable.

If Mr. Daniels really wants to get the women to stop making sweaters, doesn't he know that is the wrong way to go about it? It only makes them knit harder.

Degrees for Bankers

- A. B. Accumulator of Boodle.
- A.R.A. Always Ready to Abscond.
- D.D. Discounter of Deposits.
- F.R.S. Fellow to whom Rhino Sticks.
- LL.D. Lover of Little Discounts.
- M.D. Money Demon.
- Ph.D. Phooler of Depositors.
- R.A.S. Receiver of Surplus Assets.



REJECTED

Saving Fats

MRS. NITTUMSOX: Indeed I won't give you a bite to eat. You ought to be doing your bit for your country.

WALKER R. RYDER: Me, lady? Why, I am. I been conservin' soap for years!

A Surprise

WILLIE SLIMSON: My, but I thought you were a great deal bigger than you are.

FEATHERSTONE: What gave you such an idea, Willie?

"Why, sister said that all you did was to take up room."



Mouse: WELL, I'M STILL HOLDING HIM!

A Bazaar Ballad

A SOLDIER young and brave was he
That sought the big Bazaar;
A Maiden sweet and fair was she,
As Maidens often are.

He spoke, in Whispers passion-fraught,
Of Love that could not fail;
She spoke (no Matter what she
thought)
Of Things that were for Sale.

"I want," declared the ardent Youth,
"The sweetest Sweet of All!"
"Oh, yes!" she said; "the Candy
Booth
Is just across the Hall."

"A Rose," he breathed, "of Eden-
glade
I seek, my Life to crown!"
"The Flower Stand," observed the
Maid,
"Is four Aisles farther down."

"Then be my Bride!" that Soldier
cried,
"My Own, my Heart's Delight!"
"Engagement Rings?" she softly
sighed;
"Three Counters toward the Right!"
Arthur Guiterman.

Identified

"YOU say he's a New Yorker?"
"Yes; he lives in New Jersey,
has a country home on Long Island,
spends his winters in Florida and
comes to New York occasionally to
business."

More Than 2000 Babies



JEANNE OGET, BABY 1741

THE Christmas Fund will be closing just as this reaches the eyes of LIFE's readers. From the total below there seems no doubt that LIFE's readers will have sent to every French baby on our list a substantial bit of Christmas happiness. In addition they have helped some of France's wounded soldiers through the disbursement of the money.

Already acknowledged. \$1463.33	
John A. Mitchell, New York City	10
Mrs. P. J. Mosenthal, New York City	10
Mrs. Francis Gardiner, Allendale, N. J.	7
H. K. Elston, Santa Barbara, Cal.	10
Frances and Janet Folsom, San Francisco, Cal.	10
Mrs. William H. Downey, Tenafly, N. J.	10
C. L. Swem, Washington, D. C.	7.50
Oskaloosa Kindergarten Children, Oskaloosa, Iowa	1
Mrs. V. G. Barnett, Dermott, Ark.	1
Asheville, N. C.	2
H. M. Rathvon, Tulsa, Okla.	25
Mary P. Hoopes, Glens Falls, N. Y.	10
L. K. Phreaner, Hanover, Pa.	5
Charles Hildebrand, Hartford, Conn.	5
Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Alliance, Ohio	20
C. W. Kent, Los Angeles, Cal.	10
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Charles Miller, Salt Lake City, Utah	25
Mrs. W. C. McConaughy, Parkersburg, W. Va.	10
Billy and Jean MacDougal, Chicago, Ill.	25
H. G. D., New York City	25
Wm. Turpin Wheat, Washington, Pa.	5
J. E. McGowan, Steubenville, Ohio	5
Mary P. Morris, Olean, N. Y.	1
E. P. A., Washington, D. C.	5
Mrs. Thomas R. Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.	25
Mrs. H. M., San Francisco, Cal.	7.50
Mrs. J. P. Owens, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada	10
Employees of Messrs. Boyd, Cannon & Brooks, Cleveland Ohio	15
Mary M. Braxton, Staunton, Va.	7
Mrs. W. J. Sharwood, Lead, S. D.	5
Ruth, Jane and Anne Easton, Kellogg, Idaho	25
Edward D. Wetmore, Santa Barbara, Cal.	5
Mrs. Theodore B. Emery, Chicago, Ill.	1.50
E. M. J., Bolton, Mass.	10
Miss Ariadne Gilbert, Plainfield, N. J.	10
Malcolm and Thalia, Blairsville, Pa.	15
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sabin, Albuquerque, New Mexico	2
Joseph P. Riggs, Oak Ridge, N. J.	10
Beatrice Sharp, Clinton, Ontario	10
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Church, Elmira, N. Y.	10
Mrs. Thomas Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1
Capt. and Mrs. Hobart H. Hawkins, Atlanta, Ga.	5
Mrs. William Young Westervelt, New York City	27
"Malaeska-Jane"	2

\$1886.08

The Christmas spirit in the air has also helped the main fund. We have received for this purpose \$148,354.20. In all, we have remitted to Paris 837,044.95 francs. LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

The French Orphans Society of Liberty, Missouri, for Babies Nos. 1833, 1834 and 1835	\$219
Katherine and Alfred, Kinderhook, N. Y., for Baby No. 1836	73
Tom Scrutton, Hugh Scrutton and M. E. Scrutton, Petaluma, Cal., for Baby No. 1837	73
Mrs. P. J. Mosenthal, New York City, for Baby No. 1963	73
Mrs. Francis Gardiner, Allendale, N. J., for Baby No. 1964	73
"In memory of Mary Louise Coe," for Baby No. 1965	73
David R. Lyman, Paris, France, for Baby No. 1966	73

F. F. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1968	73
Mr. and Mrs. Dean C. Worcester, Cebu, P. I., for Baby No. 1969	73
Miss Dorothy A. Little, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Weiser, Holyoke, Mass., for Baby No. 1970	73
From Hunter McClure for civil engineers of the Federal Railway Valuation, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1971	73
Harry Addison Kuhn, Garden City, L. I., for Babies Nos. 1972 to 1991, inclusive	1460
Drayton Bryant, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 1992	73
Mrs. Edward L. Lough, Paget Rectory, Bermuda, for Babies Nos. 1993 and 1994	146
Edwin S. Jarrett, Jr., William A. Jarrett and Olivia Jarrett, Shepherdstown, W. Va., for Baby No. 1995	73
D. Tod Bulkley, Concord, N. H., for Baby No. 1996	73
William D. Allen, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 1997	73
"Paul and Virginia," Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 1999	73
"In memory of Harriet Merritt Moore," F. H. E., M. and K., New York City, for Baby No. 2001	73
Mrs. A. W. Dunham, Morsemere, N. J., for Baby No. 2002	73
Mary M. Braxton, Staunton, Va., for Baby No. 2004	73
"L., Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2003	73
Mrs. W. J. Sharwood, Lead, S. D., for Baby No. 2005	73
Mrs. J. F. Loader, Manila, P. I., for Baby No. 2006	73
Welles V. Moot, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 2007	73
Robert Bryant and Margaret Bryant, Detroit, Mich., for Babies Nos. 2008 and 2009	146
O. B. Newman, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 2010	73
Capt. and Mrs. Hobart H. Hawkins, Atlanta, Ga., for Baby No. 2012	73
Mrs. William Young Westervelt, New York City, for Baby No. 2017	73
Waldo, Mary Randolph and Fay Randolph Wilson, Beaumont, Texas, for Baby No. 2014	73
The Employees of Newton Annis, Detroit, Mich., for Babies Nos. 2015 and 2016	146
Winifred Morris, Swarthmore, Pa., on account of Baby No. 1738	3
X. Y. Z., Memphis, Tenn., on account of Baby No. 1770	1.50
Pupils and teachers of McKinley School, Phoenix, Ariz., on account of Baby No. 1998	15
Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, on account of Babies Nos. 1731 and 1752	10
G. O. Toledo, Ohio, final payment on Baby No. 359	18
Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., on account of Baby No. 1444	3
Miss Marjorie A. Dewey, Gloversville, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 2011	36.50

BABY NUMBER 1952

Already acknowledged	\$64.81
The boys and girls in the sixth and seventh grades of White's School, Austin, Texas	8.19

BABY NUMBER 1967

The boys and girls in the sixth and seventh grades of White's School, Austin, Texas	\$8.11
Louise Jerome, Marshalltown, Iowa	3.25
Charles Hildebrand, Hartford, Conn.	5
Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y.	6
D. D. D., Woodstock, Vt.	5
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bickley, Mexico, Mo.	2
G. C. Reiter, Canton, Ohio	10
Jessie Charlton, Wheeling, W. Va.	10
Mary P. Morris, Olean, N. Y.	5
E. B., Oakland, Cal.	3.50
Lillian Pearl Bratton, Staunton, Va.	2
Jack Parker, Cambridge, Mass.	1
A. J. C., Leadville, Col.	1
"L., Philadelphia	2
Mrs. J. F. Loader, Manila, P. I.	2.14
Jeanette McQuarrie, Blair, Neb.	2.14
James Stewart, New York City	5

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2013

Jeanette McQuarrie, Blair, Neb.	\$2.86
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In this list are printed first the numbers and names of the babies. These are followed by the names of the contributors to whom they are assigned.

1690. Roger Bonnenfant. Hampton Lynch.	
1697. Denise Boucault. Several contributors.	
1753. Lucien Bourgouin. St. Stephen's Sunday School.	
1754. Yvonne Bourgouin. St. Stephen's Sunday School.	
1802. Anastasie Abgrall. Mrs. John L. Howard.	

(Continued on page 1064)

ROBERT LEGAY,
BABY 1650



A WOMAN'S ARMY



WAR DANCE OF HUNS AFTER THE SLAUGHTER OF THREE RED CROSS NURSES
DECORATIVE PANEL FOR A PRUSSIAN SCHOOL ROOM

Mr. McClure Is Loyal

AN Associated Press despatch from Raleigh, N. C., dated November 20th, read as follows:

After satisfactorily explaining charges impugning his loyalty in the war, Col. S. S. McClure, whose lecture on "Obstacles to Peace" was banned from the University of North Carolina recently, addressed the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association here last night. He was introduced by Governor Bicket, and for an hour and a half he arraigned Germany and German atrocities in France and Belgium based on information gathered in his travels there.

The address followed a conference in the Governor's office, when James E. Pou, a prominent attorney and brother of a North Carolina representative in Congress, reiterated statements questioning Colonel McClure's loyalty. Colonel McClure explained the allegations so satisfactorily that he not only was invited to address the association, but the University of North Carolina, where

he will speak November 22d. After last night's address, the Literary Association by resolution thanked him and regretted that his patriotism had been attacked.

Early in the war Mr. McClure got the name of holding pro-German, ultra-pacifist, or similarly reprehensible, views, and the impression has long outlasted its facts. Sad to say, as lately as September 20th there was a picture in *LIFE* in which Mr. McClure was included along with Hearst, La Follette, Reed, Vardaman and Gronna as an American who was helping the Kaiser. That picture did him injustice. Ever since he went to Europe with the Ford pilgrims and stayed on and investigated matters, Mr. McClure has been convinced that Germany must be beaten. So one may discover by reading his book, "Obstacles to Peace," which contains the record of his investigations of German doings, and is advertised as "the most telling indictment of Prussianism yet

written, because the least biased."

Since our Uncle Sam got into the war Mr. McClure has been his loyal backer. He has a son, an adopted son and a daughter in the service.



HIS EFFORTS WERE UNTIRING

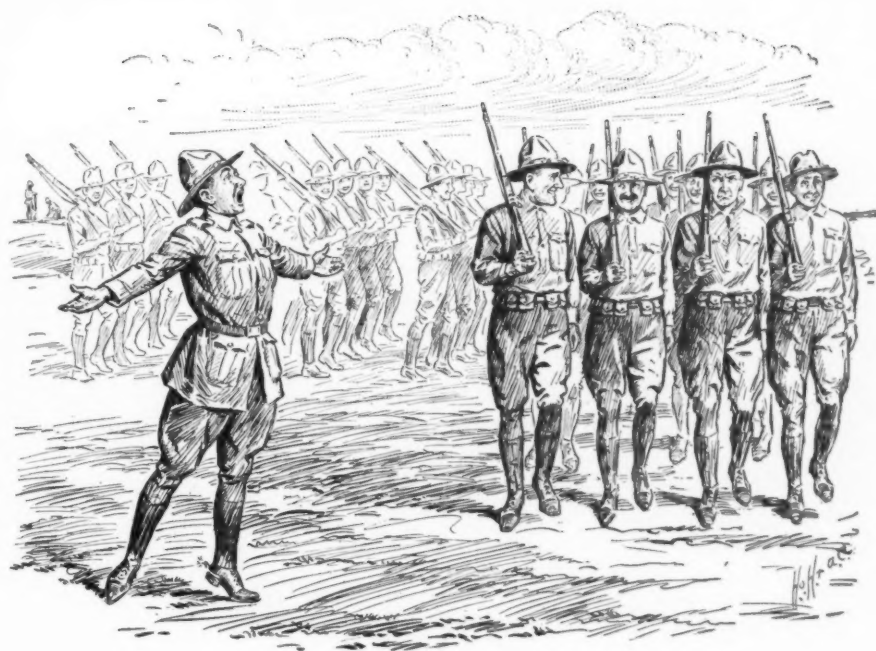
Worse Than a Blunder

THE American Red Cross has given one hundred thousand dollars of its fund to the American Medical Association for research work in France—to include experiments on animals.

Many hundreds of thousands of the best people in the United States are vigorously opposed to the useless cruelties of vivisection. And now they discover that they are sacrificing time, money and enthusiasm to a practice that violates their every sense of justice and mercy.

Can the American Red Cross, as an "angel of mercy," afford to do this? "Angels of mercy" are not engaged in that line of work. It would, indeed, be a calamity should the American people continue to believe that their money is expended for any such purpose. The work of the American Red Cross is far too precious in its proper field to be weakened by any support, open or secret, of cruelty to animals.

And what a reward for the Red Cross dog! When too seriously



Former Opera Singer: SQUA-A-HADS RI-HI-HI-HIGHT!



"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Smith, but present business conditions make it necessary for me to collect before going down your chimney."

wounded to continue his heroic service, shall he be strapped to the bench for scientific torture?

One Obstruction Removed

MR. MANN, Republican leader in the House, is indisposed, and, for the present, at least, will give up being leader.

This is good luck for the country, and great luck for the Republicans, who emit, pretty generally, manifestation of relief.

Mr. Kitchin seems to be unimpaired, and the Democrats will have to carry him. It will be harder than ever, since heretofore they have been able to say: "Well, Mann is no better."

Status Quo Ante Brickbats

"ME name is Meginness," announced Pat, "and Oi'm ready to foight as long as there's breath left in me body."

"Yis," hissed Mike, "that's phwat you Meginnesses foight with."



PUZZLE

FIND THE FIANCÉ OF THE LADY WHO IS SELLING KISSES FOR THE RED CROSS

What We May Come To



HE divorce of Iona Wadde (Iona Lotta Kale) and G. Watter Wadde was solemnized at high noon yesterday in St. Midas's Church by Bishop Proudfoot, assisted by the Rev. Courtleigh Catchpenny. The church was filled with a large and distinguished gathering, among whom were two former husbands of Mrs. Wadde, and a number of ladies, single and married, with whom Mr. Wadde's name has been coupled during the past few months.

The church was beautifully decorated with meadow-rue and love-lies-bleeding. At the organ was Ignace Nimblefinger, whose musical program was one of rare excellence. Prior to the ceremony he rendered Straus's "Discord in B Flat," the "Anvil Chorus" from "Tannhauser," and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Mrs. Wadde, charmingly attired in a low-necked morning gown with transparent shoulder straps and a vacant back, swept down the aisle on the arm of her attorney, Briefly Tort, to the strains of Rubelssohn's "Divorce March." Mr. Wadde was attended by his brother, Titus Wadde, who has been divorced six times.

The divorcée was taken away from Mr. Wadde by Rollin Kale, her father.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the Kale home, to which were invited all persons who had presented Mr. and Mrs. Wadde with gifts on the occasion of their marriage two years ago.

Mrs. Wadde will resume her maiden name, and expects to rest for a month or two before taking any further matrimonial steps. Mr. Wadde is noncommittal regarding his plans, as he is already paying alimony to three former wives. Mr. and Mrs. Wadde received over one thousand telegrams of congratulation, both of them being widely known.

Crucifixion

THE German tendency to crucifixion is a curious hark-back. They showed it in various instances in Belgium and Northern France, and the Austrians or Germans have been at it again in their advance on Italy.

Crucifixion is imperishably associated with the effort of Evil to overcome Good; of Force to beat down Faith.

In this war, too, it is true to its ancient tradition.

Good Training

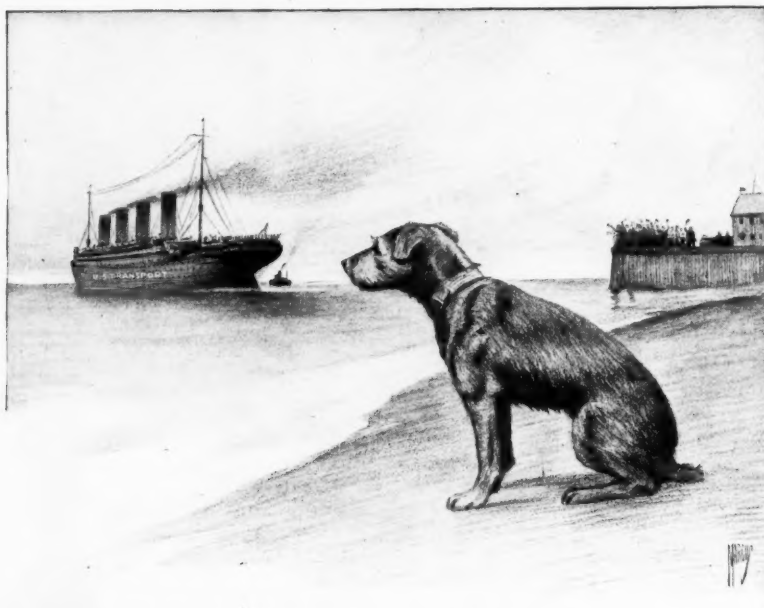
HOKUS. So he's in the diplomatic service, eh? Well, he is eminently fitted for it.

POKUS: How so?

"He used to be stage manager of an amateur dramatic club."



"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse."



His Dog: AND HE TOLD THEM HE HAD NO ONE DEPENDENT

Which One?

ACKTON was sitting quietly at his desk, looking over some papers, when his wife entered the room. She put down her Gladstone bag in the corner. She had been away for a week.

Ackton kissed her conventionally.

"Well, my dear," he said, "how do you like being a suffragette?"

She clasped her hands together quickly, indicating her enthusiasm.

"Oh, I wish I could make you understand," she replied, "what it all means! It is the grandest, most wonderful thing in the world! Up to three weeks ago I was just an ordinary human being, wholly concerned with household drudgeries, and now this new world has been opened up. If you only realized what possibilities there are in a woman's soul!"

Ackton frowned slightly.

"I confess," he replied, "that I will be hanged if I can see it. Of course, I knew that you were bound to get into the movement—with your impressionable nature. It seems to me——"

"You admit that there is no logical argument against woman suffrage?"

"Nothing, possibly, except—woman."

Mrs. Ackton tossed her head.

"Up to three weeks ago," she said, "I was a mere automaton. Now I am doing the same things that any man can

do, and I am doing them better—I know it. You men are merely jealous because women have preempted your field. But think of what it means to us! Think of the grandness of it all!"

Ackton smiled.

"We have been all over that before," he said. "I have long since gotten beyond the point of where I shall attempt to influence you in any way. You have a perfect right, if you so choose, to take the man's part. I am philosophical enough to conform. Let us be friends and adjust ourselves to the new conditions, whatever they may be."

Something about his voice aroused Mrs. Ackton's curiosity. She got up rather hastily and opened the door to go upstairs.

"I suppose the baby is all right?" she said.

"Certainly."

"How has the nurse been with him?"

"You mean the nurse that you left with him before you went away? She is not here."

"What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say."

"You discharged her?"

"Yes. I discovered that she was neglecting the baby. I came home early and caught her. I couldn't have that sort of thing, you know."

Epitaph on the Proofreader of the Encyclopedia Britannica

MAJESTIC tomes, you are the tomb
Of Aristides Edward Bloom,
Who labored, from the world aloof,
In reading every page of proof.

From A to And, from Aus to Bis
Enthusiasm still was his;
From Cal to Cha, from Cha to Con
His soft-lead pencil still went on.

But reaching volume Fra to Gib,
He knew at length that he was sib
To Satan; and he sold his soul
To reach the section Pay to Pol.

Then Pol to Ree, and Shu to Sub
He staggered on, and sought a pub.
And just completing Vet to Zym,
The motor hearse came round for him.

He perished, obstinately brave:
They laid the Index on his grave.

Christopher Morley.

"You had no right to do it without letting me know."

"Why not? Up to three weeks ago you were supreme in your own household. The idea of my interfering with the management of the baby was only the remotest possibility. You yourself elected to take up a man's work. That threw back, in a sense, the responsibility upon me. In other words, we have reversed our original positions. Therefore, I took it upon myself to use my own judgment."

"But where is my baby?"

"I have arranged for the care of the baby upon an apparently practical and businesslike basis."

(Continued on page 1066)



THE SPY

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM



Uncle Sam: I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON EITHER OF YOU



All Clear Now

OLD FARMER (to soldier son just returned from the front): Well, Dick, what be these tanks like that there's so much talk about?

SON: Why, they're just wobbling thingamabobs, full o' what-you-may-call-ems, and they blaze away like billyo!

OLD FARMER: Ay, I heard they was wonderful things, but I never could get any details afore.—*Tit-Bits*

Satisfied So Far

MRS. FLATBUSH: I am very well satisfied with my new cook so far.

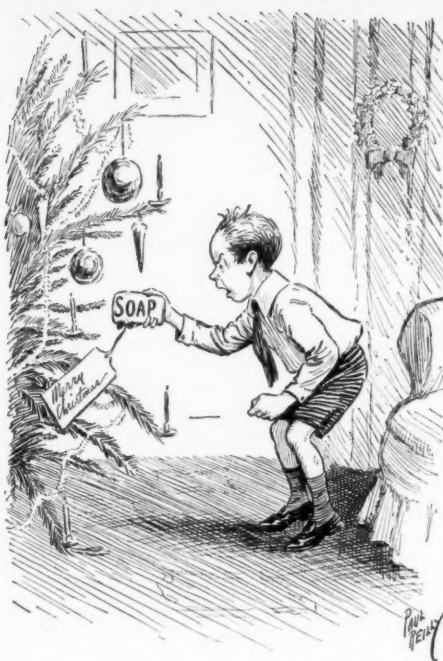
MRS. BENSONHURST: How long have you had her?

"She comes to-morrow."

—*Chicago Ledger.*

"WHAT sort of fellow is he?"

"I'll tell you in a few words. He's one of those 'if-I-were-running-this-war kind.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*



Johnny: THIS MUST BE ONE O' THEM
SENSIBLE GIFTS

Try This

The quick wit of a traveling salesman, who has since become a well-known proprietor, was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office-boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting-room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste-basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Twice in the Same Place

OFFICER (as his car bumps over pedestrian's legs): Hey, there! Look out!

TOMMY (picking himself out of the Flanders mud): Wat yuh goin' to do? Back up?—*Gargoyle.*

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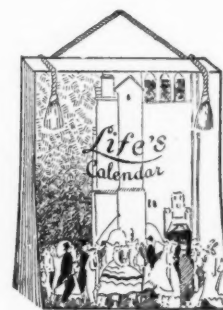
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send me copies of LIFE'S Calendar.

THE LATEST BOOKS

THERE are said to be automobile thieves on the "other side"—disembodied spirits that hang around, waiting for a chance to slip into the driver's seat of any momentarily tenantless carcass whose soul-owner has carelessly parked it and gone off on some spiritual errand. It must be a dreary fate to find one's self thus pussy-wants-a-cornered into the void while someone else goes joy-riding around in one's bones and blood! Even to think of its happening to a friend is a creepy idea! But just suppose—however, why beat about the bush? The attention of the Society for Psychical Research is called to the case of John Galsworthy, author of "The Country House," "The Man of Property," "The Pigeon," and so on, whose physical and artistic equipment—body, brains and type-writer—seems to have been purloined by the sentimental soul of a lady novelist.

"BEYOND" (Scribner's, \$1.50), the new novel that bears Galsworthy's name, is the story of an English girl, irregularly born to a couple who loved "beyond measure—beyond death," and who, after living "unawakened" through some years of marriage with a temperamental brute of a musician, makes an abortive experiment (humanely ended by the author with a timely accident) in the same brand of boundless affection. It is a perfectly good novel of, say, the Baroness von Hutten school. But of

(Continued on page 1065)



"HAVE YOU ANY WAY OF IDENTIFYING YOURSELF, MADAM?"
 "WELL—THERE'S A MOLE ON MY LEFT SHOULDER, BUT REALLY—"



Safeguarding the Public's Health

FOUR thousand workers are employed and three hundred and eighty-three yards maintained by the Pullman Company throughout the country, for the cleaning of the cars, and stocking them with fresh supplies.

At the end of every trip all seats and cushions are unlimbered, and every cranny is vacuum cleaned. Mattresses, blankets and pillows are hung in the open air and sunlight. All used linen is removed and fresh linen neatly stocked; water coolers are sterilized with steam; the washrooms are cleansed with disinfectant solution.

At frequent intervals carpets are removed and renovated and

the monolithic floor thoroughly scrubbed; the walls and ceilings are washed with soap and water. The polished steel interior of a Pullman is easily kept clean, and cannot shelter germs. Thorough fumigation is given every car regularly.

The laundering of bed linen and blankets is done according to the most exacting standards; the smallest permanent stain or scorching causes them to be discarded. Mattresses, pillows and all upholstery are frequently emptied and their contents renovated.

There is probably no other public place where health and cleanliness are more vigilantly guarded than in the Pullman car.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
 Chicago



Cost
of glove leather has gone up enormously... Hence these points are worth remembering:

1. Buy good gloves—for true economy.
2. Buy genuine "Capes" for greatest durability.
3. Buy gloves which you can wash.

Fownes Capes combine all these advantages, in addition to their celebrated style and perfect fit, so that if it's a

FOWNES

that's all you need to know about a GLOVE.

French Babies

(Continued from page 1054)

1651. Andrée Gauthier-Roy. Mrs. Thomas S. Childs.
1692. André Gegoux. Russell Lynch.
1620. Marthe Côme. Mrs. George M. Verity.
1621. Paule Côme. Mrs. George M. Verity.
1639. Francoise Conq. H. N. Wood.
1620. Jeanne Conq. H. N. Wood.
1652. Auguste Coris. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Beal.
1715. Eugénie Costard. Anna Marcella Robbins.
1721. Charlotte Costard. Julia Larrabee Robbins.
1673. Marie Coulon. "Citizens of Windber, Pa."
1711. Pierre Cusenier. Mrs. G. Y. Lansing.
1712. Simone Cuisenier. Mrs. G. Y. Lansing.
1756. Roger Dalloz. Miss Louisa M. Tilton.
1854. Jacqueline Bruneau. J. S. Madeleine Busnel. Mrs. Otto A. Berger.
1849. Eva Cailloux. T. G. Winter.
1652. Paulette Callet. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Beal.
1728. Georges Cantin. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Henne.
1658. Yvonne Caty. James E. Clunghley.
1733. Roger Champonnois. In memory of Jay Page Moody.
1719. Lucien Charbit. Lewis Frederic Robbins.
1631. Gilberts Chassac. H. N. Wood.
1606. Emilia Chaudeau. Miss Anna Larrabee.
1607. Fernande Chaudeau. Miss Anna Larrabee.
1755. Francois Clotis. Several contributors.
1851. Madeleine Cochois. T. G. Winter.
1666. Gilberte Colin. Senior Class of Dwight School.
1619. Alphonse Come. Miss Sara G. Verity.
1724. Gabrielle Abgrall. Panay Club.
1725. Guillaume Abgrall. Panay Club.
1714. Simone d'Alessandri. Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Wilson.
1844. André Allantot. T. G. Winter.
1661. Blanche Assire. A. Humberto Aybar, Miguel A. Veloz and Norman L. Orme.
1853. Eliete Atger. Fleur de Lys Aid Club.
1846. Roger Augereau. T. G. Winter.
1850. Raymond Bastide. T. G. Winter.
1852. Huberte Beaulieu. T. G. Winter.
1845. Marie Germaine Beguet. T. G. Winter.
1847. Paulette Beline. T. G. Winter.
1687. Henri Berrens. Miss Lillian C. Dow.
1848. Serge Bessecourt. T. G. Winter.
1706. Marie Therese Betbèze. Elizabeth Gordon and Jane Sands.
1746. Yves Bonizec. D. and D.
1747. Yvonne Bonizec. D. and D.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Did You?

Did you ever stumble around in the dark to look for a match, and find that—
Doors stand out nine feet from the wall?

The table reaches entirely across the room?

The electric light switch has disappeared?

The wall advances to the centre of the room to meet you?

The chairs each have twenty-seven legs?

And the bureau, upon which you left the matches, has disappeared entirely?

—Burr.

"THE MANOR"—Asheville, North Carolina
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF.

Playing It on Father

SHE: Papa says he will pay half the cost of furnishing a house for us.

HE: But how about the other half?

SHE: Don't be a goose! Of course we'll pick out a lot of nice things, get papa's check for half of the bill, and then go back and select things only half as expensive.—*Boston Transcript*.

Local Color

OFFICER: Are you Brown?

NEW RECRUIT: No, not yet, sir. I've only been down here a week.

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

CAMOU: Is Bill a kleptomaniac?

FLAGE: I don't know, but every time he meets me he says, "Let's take something."—*Burr*.

Dancing Frocks

Décolleté—with shoulder straps or without, or with gauzy sleeves in generous armholes—any modish evening gown emphasizes the charm of a smooth underarm. For this purpose, use occasionally



Evans's Depilatory

It removes superfluous hair temporarily—there's no safe way to remove hair permanently.

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SEXOLOGY

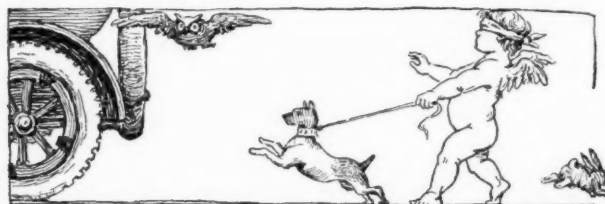
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Though the night be dark and the screech owl hoot,
Cupid, blindfold, still follows Destiny's trail.

A pitch-black night, an unknown land—and a voice in the gloom, awakening memories. Then a man and a girl and a forgotten love come face to face, in

DROWSY

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For sale at all Bookshops.

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 1063)

Galsworthy, the aloof observer, the subtle ironist, the deft weighmaster of incommensurable values, the all-around little-great man, it contains no recognizable vestige.

SAMUEL MERWIN, in "Temperamental Henry" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50), also deals with wells of sentiment whose output is beyond control and difficult to measure. But he keeps a wholesome twinkle in his eye. Henry is an eighteen-year-old, talented, poverty-stricken, well-born social anomaly in a small town near Chicago; alternately dynamized and drained of self-confidence by the ebb and flow of adolescence. His story—ten more or less sequent "episodes" mosaicked into a "novel"—gives an amusing glimpse of the real thing.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S second instalment of "A History of the Great War" (Doran, \$2.00) covers the British campaign in Flanders during 1915. Homer's catalogue of ships is not the most thrilling portion of the Iliad; and there will always be readers to whom the "among those present" details of military history is unreadable. But with judicious skipping, a realization, not otherwise obtainable, of the dogged, day-by-day business on the western front is derivable from this semi-official record.

A NEW variety of war-book—a sort of heart-to-heart talk, by a veteran of the British struggle of preparation, adaptation and forged efficiency, to the civilian recruits of the great American army-in-the-making—is to be found in



Somewhere in America

Laying submarine cable, hundreds of miles of it, to scores of isolated lighthouses is one of the telephone tasks made necessary by the war. The Bell System has also built lines connecting some two hundred coast guard stations.

It has built complete telephone systems for fifteen National Army cantonments and fifteen National Guard camps, each a city in size, and also at many naval, officer's reserve, mobilization and embarkation camps and at army and navy stations.

It has provided an enormous increase in long distance facilities throughout the country, that satisfactory service may be maintained between cantonments, training camps, guard outposts, military supply stations, war industries, the National Capital and other centers of Government activity.

The Government facilities at the National Capital have already been increased three-fold and there has been a tremendous increase in local and toll facilities.

Fifteen thousand miles of telephone wire have been taken from other use for the exclusive service of the Government and some 20,000 miles of telegraph facilities also provided.

Meanwhile the Bell System has given generously of its man power, until over seven thousand men are in service or recruited for military duty.

Members of the Bell System whether they have already gone to France or whether they have stayed at their posts to help mobilize the country for victory, are equally in the service of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One System

Universal Service

"How to Live at the Front" (Lippincott, \$1.25), by Hector MacQuarrie of the Royal Field Artillery. It deals largely with homely matters not usually "mentioned in despatches," and will be interesting to others besides those directly addressed.

THE taking of a little detective story after dinner as an aid to digestion is a regular habit with many. And detective stories, luckily, are among the few high explosives that have not advanced in price. "Kate Plus 10" (Small, May-

nard, \$1.35) goes the popular "gentleman burglar" brand several better, in that it treats of the master conspiracy of a whole street of suburbanly retired criminals. It is by Edgar Wallace, and warranted, like cheese, to digest all things but itself. J. B. Kerfoot.

THE small man cannot enlarge his views by the use of a magnifying glass, but he can by subscribing for LIFE and reading it regularly.

There's something about them you'll like—



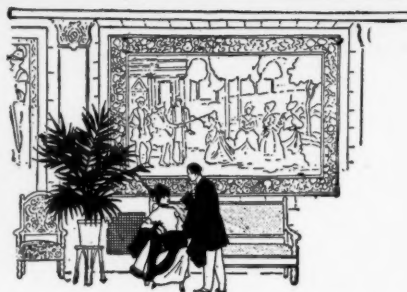
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—



The BILTMORE

43rd and 44th Streets and Madison Avenue

The center of social life at

TEA TIME

Ideally convenient for
suburban dwellers

Which One?

(Continued from page 1060)

Mrs. Ackton started forward, her lips apart with intense anxiety.

"The baby is not here?" she cried.

"Certainly not."

"I disposed of the baby by sending him to a perfectly good hospital, where he has been receiving scientific care."

"This is terrible!"

Mrs. Ackton clasped her hands.

"Why terrible? We are only disposing of him a little sooner than usual. It is customary for parents to hire other people, in these days, to bring up their children."

"But you had no right! You should have consulted me."

"You did not consult me when you started off on the suffragette parade. Why should you, or why should I?"

At this moment the door-bell rang.

Mrs. Ackton started up impulsively. She went through the hall and opened the door. A rather respectable-looking man entered.

"Mrs. Ackton?"

"Yes."

"Is your husband here?"

She brought him into the room. Ackton got up.

"I am from the hospital."

Ackton turned pale. So did Mrs. Ackton. There was that about the man's manner which suddenly changed the world for both of them.

"You have bad news?" said Ackton, anticipating the messenger.

"I regret to inform you, sir, that I have. There has been such a rush at the hospital, that unfortunately, your baby was overlooked, and—"

Mrs. Ackton turned pale. Her husband bowed his head.

"After all," he said, "it may have been my fault. But you can't expect a man to do a woman's part, and do it perfectly, any more than a woman can do a man's."

His wife stopped him.

"What has happened to my baby?" she cried.

The messenger smiled dolefully.

"Madam," he said, "your baby has just cut his first tooth without either of his parents being present—this is the first time such a thing ever happened in the history of mankind."

Ackton laughed.

"And all due to suffrage," he said.

"Is he good to his children?"

"No. He gives them everything they want."



A Word About THE CARAVAN MAN

Ainslee's is the magazine that introduced to American readers the work of William J. Locke, Jeffery Farnol and Leonard Merrick. Some day Ainslee's is going to take just as much pride in having first published the work of E. Goodwin. The December number contained his first novelette, "Such Things As Films Are Made Of." His short novel in the January issue now on sale is even more sprightly and joyous than that one. Read

THE CARAVAN MAN

Incidentally, the price of Ainslee's is now 20 cents. This is partly due to the high cost of paper. Among the writers who make the paper in this month's Ainslee's well worth its high cost are Nina Wilcox Putnam, May Edginton, Eleanor Ferris, Leona Dalrymple (who wrote "The Girl of the Green Van"), George Weston, Richard Le Gallienne, Adele Luehrmann and Alan Dale.

AINSLEE'S

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
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WITHOUT THEM
WHAT WOULD
CHRISTMAS BE?

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CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC tobaccos—*Blended*



They "*Satisfy*"!—
and yet they're *Mild*

You bet! Chesterfields give smokers not only a taste that they like, but also a *new* kind of smoking enjoyment—

Chesterfields "get across," they *let you know you are smoking*—they "*Satisfy*"! And yet they're *Mild*.

Ask for Chesterfields—next time you buy.

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